

The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. VI.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., APRIL 6, 1872.

{NEW SERIES.} NO. 20.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. L. RUCKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Grateful for the liberal patronage hereto
fore received, hopes, by prompt attention to
all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.
12—y

CHURCHILL & WHITEHEAD,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of Western
North Carolina, in the Supreme Courts of the
State and in the District, Circuit and Supreme
Courts of the United States. 61f

LOGAN & JUSTICE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to their care.
Particular attention given to collections in
both Superior and Justice Courts. 31y

J. L. CARSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
Collections made in any part of the State
if possible. 61f

H. JUSTICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
Claims collected in all parts of the State. 61f

J. B. CARPENTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to. 31y

DR. J. W. BARKER,
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION
to all Professional calls, and hopes to
merit a continuance of his long established
practice.
Has constantly on hand a fine supply
of Pure Drugs, at his office in Rutherford-
ton. 61f

Miscellaneous Cards.

GIVE ME A CALL!
Burnett's Hotel.
With a well supplied table, attentive ser-
vants, and good stables, I will try to merit a
continuance of the patronage so liberally ex-
tended to me in the past.
1013—1y C. BURNETT.

BLACKSMITHING.
THE ERADLEY DALTON
would inform his old friends and customers,
that he is going it alone, and will be glad
to have them call at his shop on the branch,
Fourth of the Jail, where he is prepared to do
all kinds of work, in his line, in a superior
and workmanlike manner.
Country produce taken in exchange for
work. 191f

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
Cor. 24th and Penn. Avenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
This House, formerly known as the St.
Charles, has been thoroughly renovated,
enlarged, and furnished throughout with
entirely new furniture, and is now open for
the accommodation of the traveling public.
Those desiring comfortable city quarters at
reasonable rates, are respectfully invited to
give the EXCHANGE, convenient to street
cars and all the City Depots, a trial.
ALEX. H. JONES,
Proprietor. 501y

VILLAGE HOTEL.
J. W. GREEN, Proprietor,
Rutherfordton, N. C.
In opening this old and favorably known
House, the Proprietor would respectfully so-
licit a share of public patronage, promising to
use every endeavor to make his guests com-
fortable.
His table will be supplied with the best
market affords, and with attentive ser-
vants. He intends to try and satisfy the most
fastidious. Give him a call. 371f

FLEMING HOUSE.
Marion, N. C.
This new and well furnished House is now
open for the reception of guests, and persons
visiting Marion will find it to their interest
to give it a call. 18—1y
WM. LOWZEE. J. O. WHITE.

MANNION HOTEL.
Salisbury, N. C.
Onn bus free of charge. Prices made to
suit the times.
Good stables connected with the
House for the accommodation of those travel-
ing by private conveyance. 23—1y

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.



**WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE AND
RUTHERFORD RAILROAD.**
Passenger Trains over this Road run as
follows:
Leaves Charlotte, Tuesday's, Thurs-
day's and Saturday's, 8.30 a. m.
Arrive at Cherryville, same day's 12 p. m.
Leave Cherryville, same day's at 1 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, same day's 5.30 p. m.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road arrive at,
and leave Charlotte, as follows:
Leave, going east, at 8.00 p. m.
Arrive, coming west, at 7.30 a. m.
Leave, going east, at 5.35 a. m.
Arrive, coming west, at 7.55 p. m.

**WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA
RAILROAD.**
Passenger Trains over this Road run as fol-
lows:
Leave Salisbury, at 5.00 a. m.
Arrive at Marion, 12.41 p. m.
Arrive at Old Fort, 1.32 p. m.
Leave Old Fort, 7.15 a. m.
Leave Marion, at 8.04 a. m.
Arrive at Salisbury, 3.32 p. m.

**CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA AND
AUGUSTA RAILROAD.**
Passenger Trains over this Road arrive at,
and leave Charlotte, as follows:
Arrive at Charlotte, 7.30 p. m.
Leave Charlotte at 8.50 a. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 5.30 a. m.
Leave Charlotte at 8.18 p. m.

To-Morrow.

Dreaming in the golden twilight.
Sits a maiden young and fair,
While the shadows slowly lengthen,
Building castles in the air,
Dreaming of their coming morrow,
Brightest day in her bright life—
All her love and trust rewarding
With the holy little—wife.

Dreaming, sits a widowed mother,
Aged not by time but care,
Like the maiden, she is busy
Building castles in the air,
Dreaming of the coming morrow,
Day long looked for, now so near—
And she murmurs, "Ere another
Sunset, Charlie will be here."

Dreaming, sits a student lonely,
In his attic mean and bare,
Though a man, he, too, is building—
Building castles in the air.
Dreaming of the coming morrow,
And the contest for the prize—
"What, though others strive, I care
not,
Mine it is," he proudly cries.

Dreaming, sits a soldier youthful,
In his hand a tress of hair,
Gazing on it, he is building—
Building castles in the air.
Dreaming of the coming morrow,
When, the din of battle o'er,
Victory crowned, to her who gave it,
He'll return, to part no more.

The morrow cometh, and the maiden,
Lonely, for a false love weeps,
While the widowed mother's darling
Neath the blue wave soundly
sleeps,
The student, disappointed, sees
The prize snatched by another's
hand,
The soldier, in the battle slain,
Fills a grave in a fair-off land.

SELECTED STORY.

THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit
needs;
For every flower in others' pathway
strown,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our
own.

"So you are going to live in
the same building with Hetty
Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to
Mrs. Fairweather. "You will have
nobody to envy you. Her tem-
per does not prove too much even
for your good nature it will sur-
prise all who know her. We
lived there a year, and that is as
long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs.
Fairweather, "she has had much
to harden her. Her mother died
too early for her to remember;
her father was very severe with
her; and the only lover she ever
had, borrowed the savings of her
years of toil, and spent them in
dissipation. But Hetty, notwith-
standing her sharp features and
sharper words, certainly has a
kind heart. In the midst of her
greatest poverty many were the
stockings she knit, and the warm
waistcoats she made, for the poor
drunken lover whom she had
too much sense to marry. Then
you know how she feeds and
clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clo-
thing," replied Mrs. Lane.
"The poor child looks cold and
pinched, and frightened all the
time as if she were chased by the
east wind. I used to tell Miss
Turnpenny she ought to be as-
shamed of herself, to keep the
poor little thing at work all the
time, without one minute to play.
If she does but look at the cat as
it runs by the window, Aunt
Hetty gives her a rap over the
knuckles. I used to tell her she
would make the girl just such
another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very
improving to her disposition,"
replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a
good-humored smile. "But in
justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you
should remember that she had
just such a cheerless childhood
herself. Flowers grow where
there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody
ought to live in the sunshine,"
replied Mrs. Lane; "and it
must be confessed that you car-
ry it with you wherever you go."

If Miss Turnpenny has a heart, I
dare say you will find it out,
though I never could, and I never
heard of any one else that could.
All the families within hearing
of her tongue called her the neigh-
bor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not
very encouraging; for the house
Mrs. Fairweather proposed to
occupy was not only under the
same roof with Miss Turnpenny,
but the buildings had one common
yard in front. The very first day
she took possession of her new
habitation she called on the
neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty
had taken the precaution to ex-
tinguish the fire, lest the new
neighbor should want hot water,
before her own coal and wood
arrived. Her first salutation was,
"If you want any cold water,
there's a pump across the street.
I don't like to have my house
slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy,
neighbor Turnpenny," replied
Mrs. Fairweather. "It is ex-
tremely pleasant to have neat
neighbors. I will try to keep
everything as bright as a new
five cent piece, for I see that will
please you. I came merely to
say good morning, and to ask
you if you could spare little Peg-
gy to run up and down stairs for
me, while I am getting my furni-
ture in order. I will pay her
sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty began to purse up
her mouth for a refusal; but the
promise of sixpence an hour re-
laxed her features at once. Little
Peggy sat knitting a stocking
very diligently, with a rod lying
on the table beside her. She
looked up with timid wistfulness,
as if the prospect of any change
was like a release from prison.
When she heard consent given,
a bright color flushed her cheeks.
She was evidently of an impres-
sible temperament, good or evil.
"Now mind and behave yourself,"
said Aunt Hetty; "and see that
you keep at work the whole time;
if I hear one word of complaint
you know what you'll get when
you come home." The rose col-
or subsided from Peggy's pale
face, and she answered, "Yes,
ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went
quite otherwise. No switen lay
on the table, and instead of,
"Mind how you do that; if you
don't I'll punish you," she heard
the gentle words, "There, dear,
see how carefully you can carry
that up stairs. Why, what a
nice, handy little girl you are!"
Under these enlivening influ-
ences Peggy worked like a bee.
Aunt Hetty was always in the
habit of saying, "Stop your noise,
and mind your work." But the
new friend patted her on the head
and said, "What a pleasant voice
the little girl has. It is like the
birds in the fields. By and by
you shall hear my music box."

This opened wide the windows
of the little shut up heart, so that
the sunshine could stream in, and
the birds fly in and out, carolling.
The happy child tuned up like a
lark, as she trilled lightly up and
down stairs, on various household
errands. But though she took
heed to observe all the directions
given her, her head was all the
time filled with conjectures what
sort of thing a music box might
be. She was a little afraid the
kind lady would forget to show
it to her. She kept to work,
however, and asked no questions;
she only looked very curiously at
everything that resembled a box.

At last Mrs. Fairweather said,
"I think your little feet must be
tired by this time. We will rest
awhile, and eat some ginger-
bread." The child took the of-
fered cake, with a humble little
courtesy, and carefully held out
her apron to prevent any crumbs
from falling on the floor. But
suddenly the apron dropped, and
the crumbs were all strewn
about. "Is that a little bird,"
she exclaimed eagerly. "Where
is he? Is he in this room?" The
new friend smiled, and told her

that was the music box; and
after a while she opened it and
explained what made the sounds.
Then she took out a pile of books
from one of the baskets of goods,
and told Peggy she might look
at the pictures, till she called her.

The little girl stepped forward
eagerly to take them, and then
drew back, as if afraid. "What
is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fair-
weather; "I am very willing to
trust you with the books. I keep
them on purpose to amuse chil-
dren." Peggy looked down with
her finger on her lip, and answer-
ed in a constrained voice, "Aunt
Turnpenny won't like it if I
play." "Don't trouble yourself
about that. I will make it all
right with Aunt Hetty," replied
the friendly one. Thus assured,
she gave herself up to the full en-
joyment of the picture books;
and when she was summoned to
her work, she obeyed with a
cheerful alacrity that would have
astonished her stern relative.
When the labors of the day were
concluded, Mrs. Fairweather ac-
companied her home, paid for all
the hours she had been absent,
and warmly praised her docility
and diligence.

"It is lucky for her that she
behaved so well," replied Aunt
Hetty. "If I had heard any com-
plaint I should have given her a
whipping, and sent her to bed
without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep
that night with a lighter heart
than she had ever felt since she
had been an orphan. Her first
thought in the morning was
whether the new neighbor should
want her service during the day.
Her desire that it should be so
soon became obvious to Aunt
Hetty, and excited undefined
jealousy and dislike of a person
who so easily made herself be-
loved. Without exactly acknowl-
edging what were her motives,
she ordered Peggy to gather all
the sweepings of the kitchen and
court into a small pile, and leave
it on the frontier of her neigh-
bor's premises. Peggy ventured
to ask timidly whether the wind
would not blow it about, and she
received a box on the ear for her
impertinence.

It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather,
quite unintentionally, heard
the words and the blow. She
gave Aunt Hetty's anger time
enough to cool, then, stepping
into the court after arranging di-
vers little matters, she called
aloud to her domestic, Sally,
"How came you to leave that pile
of dirt here? Didn't I tell you
Miss Turnpenny was very neat?
Pray make haste and sweep it
up; I wouldn't have her see it
on any account. I told her I
would try to keep everything nice
about the premises. She is so
particular herself, and it is a com-
fort to have tidy neighbors."

The girl who had been previ-
ously instructed, smiled as she
came out with brush and dustpan,
and swept quietly away the pile,
that was intended as a declaration
of frontier war.

But another source of annoy-
ance presented itself, which could
not be quite so easily disposed of.
Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean,
scraggy animal, that looked as if
she were often kicked and seldom
fed; Mrs. Fairweather also had
a fat frisky little dog, always
ready for a caper. He took a
distaste to poverty-stricken Tab
the first time he saw her, and no
coaxing could induce him to alter
his opinion. His name was Pink,
but he was anything but a pink
of behavior in his neighborly re-
lations. Poor Tab could never
set foot out of the door without
being saluted with a growl, and
a sharp bark that frightened her
out of her senses, and made her
run in the house, with her fur all
on end. If she even ventured to
dose a little on her own doorstep,
the enemy was on the watch, and
the moment her eyes closed he
would wake her with a bark and
a box on the ear, and on he would
run.

Aunt Hetty vowed she would
scald him. It was a burning
shame, she said, for folks to keep
dogs to worry their neighbors'
cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited
Tabby to dine, and made much
of her, and patiently endeavored
to teach her dog to eat from the
same plate. But Pink steadily
resolved that he would be scalded
first; that he would. He could
not have been more firm in his
opposition if he and Tab had be-
longed to different sects in christi-
anity. While his mistress was
petting Tab on the head and
reasoning the point with him, he
would at times manifest a degree
of indifference, amounting to
toleration; but the moment he
was left to his own free will he
would give the invited guest a
hearty cuff with his paw, and
send her home spitting like a
small steam engine. Aunt Hetty
considered it her own peculiar
privilege to cuff the poor animal,
and it was too much for her pa-
tience to see Pink undertake to
assist in making Tab unhappy.

On one of these occasions she
rushed into her neighbor's apart-
ments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather,
with one hand resting on her
hip and the forefinger of the other
making very wrathful gesticu-
lations.
"I tell you what, madam, I
won't put up with such treatment
much longer," said she; "I'll
poison that dog, you'll see if I
don't, and I shan't wait long
either, I can tell you. What you
keep such an impudent little
beast for, I don't know, without
you do it on purpose to plague
your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves
so," replied Mrs. Fairweather,
mildly. "Poor Tab!"
"What do you mean by calling
her poor? Do you mean to fling
it up to me that my cat don't
have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a
thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather.
"I said poor Tab, because Pink
plagues her so that she has no
peace of her life. I agree with
you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is
not right to keep a dog that dis-
turbs the neighborhood. I am
attached to poor Pink because he
belongs to my son, who has gone
to sea. I was in hopes he would
soon leave off quarreling with the
cat; but if he won't be neighborly,
I will send him out into the
country to board. Sally, will you
bring me one of the pies we
baked this morning? I should
like to have Miss Turnpenny
taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was
helped abundantly, and while she
was eating the pie, the friendly
matron edged in many a kind
word concerning little Peggy,
whom she praised as a remarka-
ble, capable, industrious child.
"I am glad you find her so,"
said Aunt Hetty; "I should get
precious little work out of her if
I did not keep the switch in
sight."

"I manage children pretty
much as the man did the don-
key," replied Mrs. Fairweather.
"Not an inch would the poor
beast stir, for all his master's
beating and thumping. But a
neighbor tied some fresh turnips
to a stick, and fastened them so
that they swung before the don-
key's nose, and he set off on a
brisk trot in hopes of overtaking
them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing
how very closely the comparison
applied to her own management
of Peggy, said, "That will do
very well for folks that have
plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," an-
swered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips
cost something, as well as turnips;
and since one makes the donkey
stand still, and the other makes
him trot, it is very easy to decide
which is the most economical.
But neighbor Turnpenny, since
you like my pies so well, pray
take one home with you. I am
afraid they will mold before we
can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come for a
quarrel, and she was astonished to
find herself going out with a pie.
"Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said
she, "you are a neighbor. I
thank you a thousand times." When
she reached her own door, she
hesitated for an instant, then
turned back, pie in hand, to say,
"Neighbor Fairweather, you
needn't trouble yourself about
sending Pink away. It's natural
you should like the little creature,
seeing he belongs to your son.
I'll try to keep Tab indoors, and
perhaps after awhile they will
agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the
friendly matron. "We will try
them a while longer, and if they
persist in quarreling I will send
the dog into the country." Pink,
who was sleeping in a chair,
stretched himself and gaped.
"Ah, you foolish beast," said she,
"what is the use of plaguing poor
Tab?"

"Well, I do say, observed Sal-
ly, smiling, "you are a master
woman for stopping a quarrel."
"I learned a good lesson when
I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs.
Fairweather. "One frosty morn-
ing I was looking out of the win-
dow into my father's barnyard,
where stood many cows, oxen
and horses, waiting to drink. It
was one of those cold snapping
mornings when a slight thing
irritates both man and beast.
The cattle all stood very still and
meek till one of the cows attempt-
ed to turn around. In making
the attempt, she happened to hit
the next neighbor; whereupon
the neighbor kicked and hit an-
other. In five minutes the hole

each other, with all fury. My
mother laughed and said, 'See
what comes of kicking when
you're hit.' Just so, I've seen
one cross word set a whole family
by the ears some frosty morning.
Afterward if brothers or myself
were a little irritable, she would
say, 'Take care, children. Re-
member how the fight in the barn-
yard began. Never give a kick
for a hit and you will save your-
self and others a deal of trouble.'

That same afternoon the sun-
shiny dame stepped into Aunt
Hetty's rooms, where she found
Peggy sewing as usual, with the
eternal switch on the table beside
her. "I am obliged to go to Har-
lem on business," said she. "I
feel rather lonely without com-
pany and I always like to have a
child with me. If you will oblige
me by letting Peggy go, I will
pay her fair in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to
get before night," replied Aunt
Hetty. "I don't approve of
young folks going a pleasuring,
and neglecting their education."
"Neither do I," rejoined her
neighbor; "but I think there is a
great deal of education that is not
found in books. The fresh air
will make Peggy grow stout and
active. I prophesy she will do
great credit to your bringing up."

The sugared words, and the
remembrance of the sugared pie
touched the soft place in Miss
Turnpenny's heart, and she told
the astonished Peggy that she
might go and put on her best
gown and bonnet. The poor child
began to think that the new
neighbor was certainly one of the
good fairies she had read about
in the picture books. The excu-
sion was enjoyed only as a child
can enjoy the country. The world
seems such a pleasant place, when
the fetters are off, and nature folds
the young heart lovingly to her
bosom. A flock of real birds and
two living butterflies put the little
orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She
pointed to be field covered with
dandelions, and said, "See how
pretty! It looks as if the stars
had come down to lie on the
grass." Ah, our little stunted
Peggy has poetry in her, though
Aunt Hetty never found it out.
Every human soul has the germ of
some flowers within, and they
would open if they could only find

(Conclude on Fourth Page.)

of North Carolina
the United States
they further alle
at all times obe

sunshine and free air to expand them.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant time; and when winter came she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into the consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she, and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school and her ear is so quick it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like the dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done," bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When spring came Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point, but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose bush, neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room and will need no care." At another time she would say, "Well really, my ground is too full. Here is a root of lady's delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded with flowers; and she even declared of her own accord that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw upon Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray how do you manage to get on with the neighbor-in-law."

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Well that is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart. That is about the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practiced, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness. Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music teacher though her more than almost handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan moved to her pleasant little cottage on her wedding day, she threw her arms round the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said—"Ah, thou dear, good aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

GIRLS, DON'T TALK SLANG.

Girls, don't talk slang! If it is necessary that any one in the family should do that, let it be your big brother, though I would advise him not to adopt "pigeon English" when there is an elegant systematized language that he can just as well use. But don't you do it. You can have no idea how it sounds to ears unused or averse to it, to hear a young lady, when she is asked if she will go with you to some place, answer, "Not much!" or, if requested to do something which she does not wish, to say, "Can't see it."

Not long ago I heard a young Miss, who is educated and accomplished, in speaking of a man, that she intended to "go for him!" and when her sister proffered her assistance at some work she answered, "Not for Joe!"

Now, young ladies of unexceptionable character and really good education fall into this habit thinking it shows smartness to answer back in slang phrases; and they soon slip flippantly from their tongues with a saucy pertness that is neither lady-like nor becoming. "I bet" or "you bet" is well enough among those who are trading horses or land; but the contrast is startling and positively shocking to hear those words issue from the lips of a young lady. They seem at once to surround her with the rougher associates of men's daily life, and bring her down from the pedestal of purity, whereon she is placed, to their own coarse level.

WHAT PROTECTION HAS DONE.

That country only can consume manufactures abundantly which has the means of producing them at home. If the masses of the American people are the best fed, the best clothed, the best educated and the most comfortable in their homes of any people on the face of the earth, it is due to the wisdom of our fathers who founded a system, in the main thus fair preserved, which has elevated the prices of labor, stimulated ambition and a thirst for knowledge among the toiling millions, who elsewhere have no hopes or desire beyond their toil, which fostered of employment, which has at the same time cheapened prices and increased the capacity for purchasing, and which has brought production in this country to its highest power by preserving a profitable home market for all the products of a diversified domestic industry.—Report of Hon D. J. Morrell, from committee on Manufactures.

A WHOLE FAMILY OF SETTERS.

In Rhode Island lately a farmer was tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, calling at the top of his lungs for one of the boys to lend him a hand, but in vain. When he had after an infinite amount of sweating and snuffing, accomplished the task, and just when they were not needed, of course, the 'boys' made their appearance.

"Where have you been, and what have you been about, I'd like to know, that you did not hear me call?" inquired the farmer in an angry tone, and addressing the eldest.

"Out in the shop, settin' saw replied the youth.

"And you, Dick?"

"Out in the barn settin' the hen.

"And you, sir?"

"Up in Granny's room settin' the clock.

"And you, young man?"

"Up in the garret, settin' the trap.

"And now, Master Fred, Where were you, and what were you settin'?" asked the old farmer of the youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by this amusing category of answers. "Come, let's hear."

"Out on the doorstep, sittin', still!" replied the young hopeful seriously.

"A remarkable set, I must confess," added the amused sire, dispersing the grinning group with a wave of his hand.

A man out in Logansport, Ind., had a donkey palmed off on him as a mule colt, and it has proved to be an elephant in his hands. He tried it in his back yard, and waited patiently for his neighbors to offer him a bonus to remove the little animal out of ear shot, for he was satisfied they would soon grow weary of the deep bass voice of the long eared "colt." A gentleman who "passed by on the other side," yesterday, reports that Mr. S. was sitting on the door step with his ears stopped with cotton, while his neighbors were hunting an attorney to bring an injunction suit against the donkey.

One-fourth of the present year has passed.

"SELF-MADE MEN"—THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Horace Greeley, in a recent disquisition on "Learning Without Teachers, or Self-Made Men," advises the "youth lacking money, and ambitious for knowledge" not to give to college and run in debt to pay his way, but to follow a trade and study in his spare hours. This does not suit the mediocre *literati*. Who having spent their prime in acquiring all the living and dead languages, find at last the application of this education will not, in the "struggle for life," net them much more than what is reaped by the average laborer, without the so-called polite education.

It is a fallacy that to become scientific the youth must first master all the languages dead and living. In fact, so far as agriculture is concerned, the student may acquire a practical of so much as relates to this art without the thorough knowledge of the dead languages at all. He may acquire the technical terms as he goes along, and the student in science, we think, in such institutions for instance as the Sheffield Scientific School at New Heaven and perhaps the Polytechnic School at Troy, may support himself or nearly so by honorable industry during his course.

There is a great deal of buncombe in the laudation of "self made" men. As a rule they have become celebrated from their innate talents, and in spite of the difficulties experienced in self education. The higher the education the better—if only that education is tempered by practical art and practical science.—This is the talisman to success in "these times," and has always made such men as Galileo, Newton and Agassiz, in science, and the host of thinkers and workers in every department of technical art.

That great progress has not been made in agricultural science is due to the fact that it has been treated from the old educational standpoint. But progress is being made in this direction, and we must be content to wait. The next ten years will show advance in this direction as will astonish the world. We are yet only on the threshold of agricultural science. We are yet to find that the laws underlying the most successful prosecution of this industry are as simple as they are beautiful. We must work and wait.—*Western Rural*.

JOHNNY MERRELL'S COMPOSITION.

I like ice. When it's cold I like it best. Ice is good for a great many things. It is good to skate on, and it is good to make ice cream. I like to skate. Sometimes I lend my skates to Lizzie Jones, and she lets me buckle them on for her. She wears striped stockings, with red and white and blue stripes running around them, and her legs look like a stick of candy. Father says ice is good in cobbles, I don't know why it is better in cobbles than in little boys. I suppose I shall be a great deal wiser when I grow up. I like ice cream with plenty of vanilla in it.—There is more ice cream in summer than in winter, and more ice in winter than in summer. There are heaps of things that I do not understand. Mother says if I eat too much ice cream it will make my stomach hurt. I eat all I want, but am careful not to eat too much, because mother tells me not to.

When next winter comes, Lizzie Jones and I are going to skate some more. There will not be any more winter till after summer comes. The seasons are mighty odd in this country. Sometimes winter comes before summer, and sometimes summer comes before winter. Father says I may have a new pair of skates next summer. When I get to be a man I am going to pour red stuff on ice to warm it before I put it in my mouth, like my Father does.

Buy You a Home.—Every man should buy himself a town lot, get that paid for, and then work to make the necessary improvements. A little here and little there will in due time produce a home of your own, and place you out of the landlord's grasp. Remember that one hundred dollars a year saved in rent will in a few years, pay for your home, and the money it costs you to move and shift about, without any loss of furniture and time, pay the interest on a five hundred dollars judgment against your property until you can gradually reduce it to nothing. You can all buy that way—why do you not risk it? If you fail, you are no worse off—if you succeed, you are a careful man is sure to do, you have made a home and established a basis equal to many another's which will start you in business.—*Russellville (Ky.) Herald*.

The "Wit and sentiment," a sprightly monthly published in Philadelphia by Wm. Howard, at 75 cents a year, has the following "matrimonial." We have received from a "Down Easter" the following communication, to be inserted as advertisement at a charge of twenty-five cents for six months, to be "taken out" in pumpkin pie. As his note bears neither date nor address, those interested and wishing to reply, are recommended to first obtain a list of all the Uncle Ebenesers to be found throughout New England, and write to ascertain whose out-buildings have the relative positions indicated in the notice here given:

Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather bed with comfortable fixins, 500 dolls, in good genuine slap-up greenbacks, that has had the small-pox, measles, and understands tending children, can find a customer for life by ritin a small william ducks addressed X. Y. Z., and stick in a crack of Uncle Ebenezer's barn jinin the pig-pen.

YOUNG MEN

Contemplating a Business Life should attend the

Bryant, Stratton & Sadler

BUSINESS COLLEGE.

For Circulars, and Specimens of Penmanship, enclose two stamps, and address W. H. SALLER, President, Nos. 6 & 8 Charles St., Baltimore, Md. 17-4w

TO PLANTERS.

GREAT reduction in the price of one of the best PHOSPHATES manufactured in this country.

BOWEN & MERCEUR'S PHOSPHATE Containing over 5 per cent of Ammonia, and equal to 18 per cent of Bone Phosphate of Lime, will be sold for \$35.00 per ton, if applied for direct to BOWEN & MERCEUR, 14-1w 65 South Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

Barber Shop & Oyster Saloon.

I DESIRE to inform the public, that I have opened a Barber Shop and Oyster Saloon next door north of Hawkins' Bar Room, where I will be pleased to serve all who may desire a clean shave, or a nice plate of oysters, as cheap as can be afforded. 1014-1f ED. WILLIAMS.

D. MAY & CO.,

Rutherfordton, N. C.,

Dealers in General Merchandise,

DRY AND FANCY GOODS,

Hardware, Cutlery, Grockery Ware, Boots, Shoes and Leather,

GROCERIES, &c., &c.

Highest market price paid for green and dry hides, delivered at our TANNERY 1013-1f D. MAY & CO.

War with Spain is Expected!

—AND—

N. SCOGGIN

HAS just received a new and splendid Stock of DRY GOODS, such as

Prints, Muslins,

Delaines, Alpaca, Cambric, Ginghams, Cassimeres,

Jeans, Satinets, Domestic, &c., &c.

GROCERIES.

Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Molasses, Rice, Ginger, Pepper, Spices, &c., &c.

HARDWARE.

TOOLS, of various kinds, Nails, Horse Shoes, &c., &c.

QUEENSWARE.

A good assortment, at low figures.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A Well selected stock, at prices which I challenge the world to beat. Also, Leather and shoe findings.

CONFECTIONERIES.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

STATIONERY,

&c., &c., &c.

The Rutherford College.

THE SPRING TERM OF THIS SCHOOL will begin on the 3d of January, and close on the 23d of May, 1872. Tuition ranges from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per term; board from \$1.00 to \$10.00 per month. The children of all poor Christian ministers, and poor orphans, are instructed FREE of charges. The sale of ardent spirits to students within 5 miles of the College, is prohibited, on penalty of \$50 fine, or six months imprisonment. The morality and healthfulness cannot be exceeded on this globe. The long experience and success of the President, as an instructor in the State, is known all over the South. For particulars, address Rev R. L. Abernethy, A. M., President, Happy Home, N. C.

J. T. JOHNSON, President Board of Trustees.

All kinds of

COUNTRY PRODUCE

taken in exchange for Goods, at reasonable prices.

Don't fail to give me a call, at the

HARRIS BRICK STORE,

where you will always find me prepared to suit you, both in goods and prices.

N. SCOGGIN.

6-12-1f

AGENTS WANTED FOR

HISTORY of the Great Fires

In CHICAGO and the West, By Rev. R. J. GOODE, D. D., of Chicago. The record of a proud city overtaken by sudden and awful calamity, of towns destroyed by the wasting element, of forests burned of homes and farms desolated, of men of wealth made beggars, of families separated. Abounds with thrilling incidents of marvellous escapes, and is the only complete History of these great events. 8vo. 50c. 75c. Engravings: price \$2.50; outfit, \$1.00. Secure the best Territory at once. 70,000 already sold. The profits go to relieve the sufferers. Address H. S. GOODE & CO., 37 Park Row, New York, or J. W. Goodspeed, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, or New Orleans. 9-1f

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

TRADE MARK. PATENTED. CONTAINS NO LAC SULPHUR—NO SUGAR OF LEAD—NO LITHARGE.

—NO NITRATE OF SILVER, AND IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM THE POISONOUS AND

HEALTH-DESTROYING DRUGS USED IN OTHER HAIR PREPARATIONS.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric—perfectly safe, clean and efficient—desiderata long sought for and found at last!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming gray, imports a soft, glossy appearance, removes dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the hair from falling off and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents headaches, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. As a dressing for the hair it is the best article in the market.

Dr. G. Smith, patentee, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by "Procter Brothers," Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in panel in bottle, made expressly for sale, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for Nature's Hair Restorative and take no other.

Send a three cent stamp to Procter Bros. for a Treatise on the Human Hair. The information it contains is worth \$500.00 to any person. 10-1-6m

The Great Medical Discovery!

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS,

Hundreds of Thousands Bear testimony to their wonderful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

They are a Great Medicine, as well as a Tonic, and are the only medicine of the kind that can be taken in all forms of disease.

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R. R. R.

RAILWAYS' READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes. See one hour after reading this advertisement. See one hour after reading this advertisement. See one hour after reading this advertisement.

RAILWAYS' READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, always inflammations, and cures all rheumatism, whether of the Limbs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by its application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATISM, Red-ridden Limbs, Crippled, Nervous, Neuritic, or protracted with disease may suffer.

RAILWAYS' READY RELIEF will afford instant ease. Inflammation of the bowels.

Inflammation of the bladder, Inflammation of the lungs. Sore throat, Rheumatism, Croup, diphtheria, Catarrh, Fluency, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold, Chills, Ague, Malaria, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera, Wind in the bowels, and all Internal Pains. Travellers should always carry a bottle of RAILWAYS' READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness, pains from change of water. It is a powerful French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fever and Ague.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty years. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all Malarious, Bilious, Sea Sickness, Typhoid, Yellow Fever, (aided by RAILWAYS' READY RELIEF) quick as RAILWAYS' READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

Strong and pure rich blood—lustrous, fresh and weight—clear skin and beautiful complexion secured at last.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLA RESOLVENT

has made the most astonishing cures, quick, so rapid are the changes the body undergoes, under the influence of this powerful medicinal agent, that every day it increases flesh and weight is seen and felt.

The Great Blood Purifier.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLA RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids, the juice of the system the vigor of life, it repairs the wastes of the body with a and some natural, Scrofula, Syphilis, and all other diseases, Uterine, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Nerves, Stomach, and other parts of the system. Sore, Strumous discharges from the Skin, and various forms of the Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever, Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worms, Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Bad Skin, Wounds in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancer in the Breast, and all weakening and painful charges. Night Sweats, Loss of Sleep and wastes of the life principle, are with a sure range of this wonderful agent, Chemistry, and a few days' use will give any person using it for either of these in of disease its potent to cure them.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLA RESOLVENT excel all known remedies against the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin diseases; but it is the only cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints.

Urinary, and Womb diseases. Dropsy, Stomach, of Water, Incontinence, Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, all cases where there are brick-dust deposits.

DR. RADWAY'S

Perfect Purgative Pills

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System, the Acute, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Irritation of the Bowels, Piles, and all other morbidities of the Internal Viscera. Warranted effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable containing no mercury, minerals, or other drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS free the system from all the above named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "false and true." Send one stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 81 Main Ave., New York. Information without charge. No fee sent you.

North Carolina Claim Pension Agency.

We have this day entered into a partnership for the purpose of prosecuting the claims of Southern loyalists, before the Commission now in session in Washington, D. C., and to secure pensions for the widows of the firm will attend in person, the meeting of the Committee, and we are thus enabled to promise the most careful attention to business in our charge. We respectfully solicit CLAIMS and PETITIONS from all parties interested. The Fees will be furnished on application. A deposit of money with application, is requested to defray expenses. Address, R. B. SHAFER & BUSBER, Raleigh, North